

# HOUNSLOW-HEATH,

11630. B.3  
2

## P O E M.

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*En age, segnes  
Rumpe moras; vocat ingenti Clamore Githæron;  
Taygetique Canes, Domitrixque Epidaurus Equorum;  
Et Vox assensu Nemorum ingeminata remugit.*

Virg. Georg. iii.

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Inscribed to a NOBLEMAN.

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19

L O N D O N;

Printed for C. CORBETT, in Fleet-street; and Sold at the  
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(Price One Shilling.)

HOUNSLOW-HEATH

A

P O E M.

— The age, forgers  
Rings moves; words ingent; Clamors Clamors;  
Tangential Cases, Dominant Epigrammatic Epigram,  
The on affable Nomenclature ingentate rearing.  
Ving. & song. III.

Inscribed to a Nobleman.

Printed for C. Corbett in London and  
Booksellers in London and  
(Twice One Shilling.)  
MDCCLXXVII.





# HOUNSLOW-HEATH,

## P O E M.

Inscribed to a NOBLEMAN.



LET plodding Cits, my Lord, indulge their Vein  
And, ever restless in pursuit of Gain,  
Midst Smoak and Noise drudge on in anxious  
Care,

While in Stagnation sleeps the lazy Air!

Let giddy Crowds in nightly Revels sport,  
And feast on all th' illusive Joys at Court;

In Rural Verse whilst I, by you inspir'd,  
Address you from the Toils of State retir'd.

Assist ye sacred Nine, the Sports rehearse  
Of *Hownsflow-Heath* — a Word not seen in Verse!  
*Hounslow* — unknown to all the tuneful Throng,  
A Place ne'er mention'd in descriptive Song,  
With Boldness now puts in a Right to claim  
With any Plains an equal Share of Fame.  
Pure is the Air, the Prospects unconfin'd,  
And numerous the Sports, t'unbend the Mind.  
No more let *Hounslow* then be lost to Fame,  
No more let dull Oblivion blast the Name.  
We from the sacred Nine Advice receive,  
That in their Records *Hounslow's* Name shall live.

Hail happy Scene, secure from factions Noise,  
From Pomp, from Cares — from all inferior Joys;  
From all expensive, criminal Intrigues,  
From ~~Leyce, Court, and Drawing-Room~~ *Haigues*,  
Where sloping Glades extend their length'ning Lines,  
Where Nature drest in gay Disorder shines;  
Where spacious Vallies part the mighty Mounds,  
And heathy Shrubs o'erspread the tufted Grounds;  
Where Verdant Lawns fill up the Space between,  
And beauteous Seats adorn th' extensive Green.  
The Sports *Rome* boasted here may be renew'd,  
And ev'ry *Roman* Exercise pursu'd.



Four large Patrician Elms behind the Town,  
 (True as a Beacon to the Trav'ler known,)  
 Their lofty Boughs with antient Pride display,  
 And to fair *Whitton* point the chearful Way.  
*Calliope* first strikes the vocal Shell,  
 To sing those Scenes where Peace and Grandeur dwell.  
*Whitton* demands her Verse, — the Nine conspire  
To swell my Numbers with Poetic Fire.  
 There Nature's genial Pow'rs are all convey'd,  
 And Rural Sweets are ev'ry where display'd;  
 There should my Wonder dwell, and there my Praise  
 Should soar sublime, and flow with tuneful Ease.  
*Argyll* to native Elegance of Mind  
 Has Contemplation and Experience join'd;  
 Unblemish'd Honour, Tenderness of Heart;  
 Genius and Wisdom; well improv'd by Art;  
 A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted Zeal,  
 Not vainly blazing for his Country's Weal,  
 But steady, bold, and regularly Free,  
 For *Britain's* Glory, and for Liberty;  
 Fitted to shine in Courts — to rule the State;  
 Or to appear in soft Retirement — Great.  
 His Patriot Virtues, and pure Light of Mind,  
 With Goodness, in sweet Harmony combin'd,  
 With unaffected Grace are so display'd, —  
 The Statesman through the Friend is so convey'd,  
 The Muse must be ambitious of his Name,  
 T' inspire, — to grace, — to dignify her Theme.

They show Conspire

To burn thy Numbers in a blazing fire

Two Miles from *Hounslow*, tow'rd's the *West* is plac'd,  
 With all the Beauties of Retirement grac'd,  
 A grand and rural Seat; for *Berkley* fam'd;  
 Gay *Crantford's* Castle by the Muses nam'd;  
 Where Health's preserv'd in unpolluted Air;  
 Where smiling Peace extirpates ev'ry Care;  
 Where *Amalthea* holds her golden Horn;  
 And gay Diversions 'wake with ev'ry Morn.  
 From Naval Posts the Hero here retir'd,  
 With Vict'ry crown'd with Glory just acquir'd;  
 From many Tempests, many Fights sustain'd,  
 With Dignity enjoy'd, what Valour gain'd.  
 Fix'd in the Records of undying Fame,  
 Enroll'd, — establish'd is great *Berkley's* Name.  
 Before the Front a swelling River glides:  
 A lofty Bridge bends o'er its rising Sides;  
 A winding Vale the peaceful Flood receives,  
 And here the Stream its glassy Bosom heaves.  
 The broad-spread Breams and red-finn'd Roaches here,  
 With bright-ey'd Perch, and spangled Trout appear:  
 Dace, Gudgeon, Golden Carp and Silver Eel,  
 The deep Recesses of the Flood conceal.  
 With trembling Line the patient Angler waits;  
 To bearded Hooks fixes the treach'rous Baits;  
 The springing Fish divide the Amber Flood;  
 And leap at Death for Greediness of Food.  
 Clandestine Nets the fleaky Jack surround,  
 Prince of the finny Troops that here abound.



In various distant Ponds the scaly Prey,  
 All o'er the Heath, within their Prisons play;  
 And many Streams in winding Channels sweep,  
 To seek insensibly the swelling Deep.  
 Near to the Town is well laid out a Course,  
 A Scene of Trial, for the sporting Horse;  
 With tall white Posts the spacious Circuit's grac'd;  
 All of a Size at proper Distance plac'd.  
 The neighing Coursers pant in ev'ry Vein;  
 Champ on the Bitt, and paw the grassy Plain.  
 Stripp'd of their Cloaths in order they advance;  
 Quick sounds the Drum they all set off at once;  
 Some pull'd, some whipt, away the Coursers bound,  
 Scarcely imprint the surface of the Ground;  
 With eager Speed as swift they stretch along,  
 The Plain rolls back behind the giddy Throng.  
 Th' Expanse receives th' Alarms of ev'ry Heat;  
 And th' echoing Vales promiscuous Shouts repeat.  
 With chearful Notes the Thrushes charm the Woods;  
 While larger Wild Fowl sport about the Floods.  
 In safe Retreat they on the Surface play,  
 Till from the Fowler's View they wing their Way.  
 Then clam'rous Plover, Teal, and wild Ducks rise;  
 And cackling Flocks, like Clouds, obscure the Skies.  
 Those airy Squadrons all commence their Flight,  
 Float on the Winds, and overcome their Fright;  
 Nor leave their helpless and unfeather'd Care;  
 But, flutt'ring round them, hover in the Air.

*The fish in the distant Ponds  
 are a prey to the Pike in the  
 River*

Here from the Heath the black-tail'd Moorcock springs;  
 And slowly moves his wet-incumber'd Wings;  
 Till from some treach'rous Gun a Shower of Lead  
 Breaks forth in Fire and Smoak, and strikes him dead.  
 The shudd'ring Pout with Wings expanded lies,  
 His Feet draws to his Breast, and with a Spring he dies.

Here soar aloft the sweet Æthereal Train,  
 And safely wander through the azure Plain.  
 In lurking Covies Partridges are seen,  
 And Snipes in Plenty flutter o'er the Green;  
 When the Sky blushes with departing Light,  
 And falling Dews proclaim th' Approach of Night;  
 The Clouds with golden Edges float along,  
 And safe Retreats conceal the feather'd Throng.

When in the Flush of Morn fresh breathing Gales  
 In wanton Whispers skim along the Vales;  
 Rouz'd by the Cock the soon drest Shepherd leaves  
 His peaceful Cottage, and to Pasture drives  
 His Folds, to taste the Verdure of the Morn;  
 And Farmers rise, to guard their rip'ning Corn.  
 The studious Mind starts from the Bed of Sloth,  
 To enjoy the cool and silent Hour — still loth  
 To lose the Time to Meditation due;  
 When ev'ry friendly Muse invites him too.

*Apulia* \* does domestic Pleasure share,  
 And with delight surveys her feather'd Care.

Here

With

\* Any Farmer's or Shepherd's Wife.



With early Care she tends the homebred Flock,  
 Of cackling Pullets round the crested Cock;  
 Where all are pleas'd, and pecking by his Side;  
 And each desirous to become his Bride.  
 If with his happy Claws he springs a Grain,  
 He to his fav'rite Hen presents the Gain;  
 Yet all, with gallant Freedom ——— debonair,  
 With equal Ease his equal Favours share;  
 And ev'ry Morn their grateful Tribute pay,  
 To her that freely feeds them ev'ry Day.

When \* *John*, from penning up his fleecy Care,  
 Does homeward in the Evening's Dusk repair;  
 Or from the Labours of the wounded Field,  
 (Where Nature's genial Bounty lies conceal'd;) }  
 Or, when to Fodder from the naked Plain,  
 He whistling drives his dumb discerning Train,  
 After a plain Refreshment, he revives,  
 And to divert his tender Offspring strives.  
 He drinks his Pot of Homebrew'd Ale, and smoaks  
 A chearful Pipe, ——— tells twenty merry Jokes;  
 And lives as pleasantly as richer Folks.  
 His little Children climb, in sweet Amaze,  
 About his Neck; and, while they fondly gaze,  
 With innocent Delight his Stories hear;  
 And quite impatient of th' Event appear:  
 The Wife to please does all her Arts employ,  
 Her early Comfort and her Evening Joy.  
 With faithful Love and innocent Delight,  
 The Day's Fatigue is recompens'd at Night.

\* The Farmer or Shepherd.

Thus chequer'd is their Life, — they daily share  
True Pleasure mingled with a frugal Care.

When Reeds scarce rustle with the balmy Breeze,  
Soft as the humming Sounds of distant Bees;  
When of the Sun a long extended Blaze  
Upon the Water's quiv'ring Surface plays;  
And, when beyond the golden Verge of Day,  
Mild Evenings their soft dusky Wings display,  
Sometimes the Flagelet, or Violin's Strains,  
Invite the Nymphs to dance upon the Plains;  
Who graceful on the level Verdure move  
In varied Measures, — Innocence and Love  
Dilate their Spirits; while the cooling Breeze,  
That gently whispers thro' th' embow'ring Trees,  
Their flowing Garments swells, fans ev'ry Breast,  
And wanton Sighs on ev'ry rising Chest  
Exulting Joy with Love, in soft Disguise,  
Distends their Hearts, and flashes in their Eyes,  
Promiscuous Chearfulness they all display;  
And quite forget the Labours of the Day.

In higher Life the Evenings often pass,  
With a gay Pipe, and recreating Glass,  
In sober Mirth, improving, blyth and gay,  
The happy Minutes sweetly glide away.  
From Hospitality new Ardours rise;  
And sparkling Wine the distant Sun supplies.  
A Train of brisk Diversions crown the Days,  
The chearful Nights in pleasure steal away.

Each



Each Hand's employ'd, as thus an Hour we pass,  
 While one supports the Pipe, one fills the Glass;  
 A copious Bowl the shaggy *Leat* contains;  
 A pendent Globe the oily *Morture* drains;  
 A Suction bland the glowing Weed obeys,  
 And through a spiral Tube the Blast conveys,  
 Th' expanding Vapour spreads o'er all the Room,  
 And warms it's Besom with a rich Perfume.

Hail useful Weed! a Treasure not the least!  
 To Thought most friendly, — grateful to the Taste!  
 Besides thy healing Influence and Use,  
 Thou add'st a Relish to the purple Juice.

When *Boreas* binds the Earth in icy Chains,  
 And spreads with fleecy Snow the stiff'ning Plains;  
 The sprightly Youth their active Sports renew,  
 And here the laborious Course pursue;  
 Here track the Footsteps of the circling Hare,  
 Nipt with the Keeness of the freezing Air,  
 Yet Exercise gives — Colour to the Skin,  
 Warmth to the vital Streams that flow within;  
 Strength to the Sinews, Vigour to the Nerves,  
 And all the System properly preserves.

With Poles equipt, the nimble Lads convene,  
 And in light Habits all approach the Scene.  
 A Sense of Joy their speaking Eyes proclaim,  
 And all impatient seem to start the Game.

Many a Shift poor Puss is forc'd to make,  
Yet few the Circles she's allow'd to take,  
Unfairly press'd, the sharp nos'd Greyhounds seize,  
Th' unequal match'd, altho' the destin'd Prize.

When early Twilight temperate is found,  
And neither Frost nor Floods oppress the Ground;  
Hunting, the first of rural brisk Delights,  
To manly Toils the youthful Breast invites.  
Proceed my Muse — the sportive Task pursue;  
From *Croft* & *Field* take thy unbounded Views;  
In grassing Lays declare what Pleasures reign,  
And what Diversions crowd the sportive Scene.

Here, when the rosy Dawn brings out the Day,  
And blended Sweets appear in Foliage gay;  
(Ere *Sol* or *Myra* leave their balmy Bed,  
While pleasing Dreams amuse each Female's Head;  
While o'er their Pillows soft Chimeras creep,  
And make them smile at Conquests in their Sleep)  
In search of Game the Sportsmen all convene,  
And in high Spirits throng the motley Scene;  
Explore the latent Tracks of every Field,  
Try what the Lawns, and what the Coverts yield.

When the skill'd Huntsman, after a Survey  
Of each Purlieu, has singled out his Prey;  
Soon as the Rushing of the Shrubs he hears,  
And quick advancing Steps, Puss pricks her Ears,



*Hark, Hark to Tuneful, Hark! Away she goes,*  
 And makes a Sport of her insulting Foes,  
 When sweet-tongued Ruler leads the long-eared Crew,  
 How fleet and close do all the Rest pursue!  
 Fleet Fortune, Ve'let, Darling, Dainty, Tatler,  
 Slider and Musc, Favorite, Beauty, Ratler,  
 Tofspot and Ringwood, Jewel, Fanny, Tipler,  
 Careless and Blossom, Merrylass and Fidler,  
 Tulip and Wanton, Damsel, Juno, Rowman,  
 Cupid and Dido, Lady, Tanager, Brownian,  
 Farmer and Streamer, And, to crown the Scene,  
 Let us bring Doxy and old Piper in;  
*Cum multis aliis* too prolix for Rhime;  
 And too encroaching on my Reader's Time.

The trembling Savage often shifts her Bounds  
 To shun the Malice of the greedy Hounds.  
 The crook-kneed Pack in vain their Rage renew  
 In vain the distant doubling Hare pursue.  
 The spiry Horn calls in the lured Pack,  
 Unrav'ling by degrees her faithless Track.  
 To fenny Marshes then their Course they bend,  
 And o'er the vast Expanse their Voice extend.  
 When Puss the *HARRIER* hard behind her spies,  
 Couch'd on the Sod in doubt she closely lies;  
 And, as they, *tuffing*, sweep along the Field,  
 She *squatting* lies beneath the Fear of cold  
 Thence straight makes off to some adjacent Moss  
 The Dogs o'er *er* *stout* *their* *Gains* *Indignant* *They*

As they're call'd back, the busy Huntsman lights,  
 To prick the Pufs, and put his Dogs to rights;  
 First draws his Hounds a Compass round about,  
 Then strictly beats the Ground to tread her out.

Forbear, my Muse, to tell the Sportman's Fears,  
 Or what Dejection in his Looks appears;  
 What great Impatience labours in his Breast;  
 What peevish Doubts his longing Heart molest:  
 But gently condescend to hide his Grief;  
 And sooth his Mind with unforeseen Relief.

Now, while the Dogs are thus upon the Scent,  
 They all disperse, to try the Way she went.  
 The snarling Pack, being cast to search about,  
 Stanch Bowman tries the Ground and finds her out.  
 Some happy Eye takes up the distant Game,  
 Which loud *Halloos* from ev'ry Voice proclaim.  
 When thus we have the dear Recov'ry made,  
 In ev'ry Face a chearful Air's display'd:  
*Hoaks, bark to Bowman* — ev'ry Vale rebounds,  
*And to the Finders throw off all the Hounds.*  
 The distant Rocks obey the jovial Cries,  
 Midst Thickets, that in gay Confusion rise.  
 The *stiddy* Dogs are branching all around;  
 Reverberating Hills the Shouts rebound —  
 The Vallies speak with Voices not their own,  
 And Echo answers in a fainter Tone.  
 In vain to climb the rugged Heights she strives —  
 In vain to Covert from the Dogs she flies;

While



While in full Cry they all increase her Dread,  
 And close behind the foaming Horses tread.  
*Tracer* for Scent, and *Spie* renown'd for Speed,  
*Blackfoot* and *Climb-cliff*, all of *Wiltshire* Breed;  
 Through Ways untrac'd, and where there is no Way,  
 The sweeping Dogs pursue the tim'rous Prey;  
 Until with stiff'ning Limbs the fainting Hare,  
 Run fairly down, in Death dissolves her Fear.  
 The foremost Rider triumphs in the Prize,  
 And strikes with joyful Shouts the vaulted Skies.  
 From ev'ry Wound springs forth a purple Flood,  
 Spouts in his Face, and stains his Hands with Blood.  
 Then the tir'd Hunters all abate their Speed,  
 And by the vocal Tube her Death's decreed.

How far superior are the rural Sports  
 To Ease inglorious, or the Toil of Courts!  
 From these proceeds up ~~an~~ Indolence supine;  
 From those arises all that's masculine,  
 When verdant Glades afford a lively Hue,  
 And the gay Lawns are spangled o'er with Dew;  
 Soon as *Apollo* gilds the azure Morn,  
 And does the Day with crimson Smiles adorn;  
 Here jovial Sportsmen oft surround the Wood,  
 With tuneful Horn, with Hounds and Hunters good;  
 Here storm the Thickets and the craggy Rocks,  
 And soon unkennel here the wily Fox.  
 The prouling Cub starts furious from his Den,  
 And scorns the Cries of Dogs or Shouts of Men.

The hungry Hounds are fir'd — they snuff and vent,  
 And trace his Footsteps, eager of the Scent.  
 With what instinctive Joy they hail the Morn,  
 And with what Music they obey the Horn!  
 Thus rous'd, away the wakeful Wand'rer bounds,  
 Until his Ears have lost the wounding Sounds.  
 Exulting then, he takes the distant Moor;  
 And in his Cunning thinks himself secure.  
 A Froth besmears his grinning Chaps all round,  
 And, as he runs along, befoams the Ground.  
 Each op'ning Dog the length'ning Chace pursues,  
 And snuffs the Vapour from the tainted Dews.  
 The Magic Horn calls in the long-breath'd Pack,  
 Unrav'ling by Degrees his faithless Track;  
 Till, in united Cry, they shoot away,  
 And in full Stretch bear on the bounding Prey.  
 Crowner and Rebel, Kilbuck, Drunkard, Foulcr;  
 Topper and Rockwood, Plowman, Bouncer, Toler,  
 Vulcan and Thumper, Snowball, Ranter, Gipsy;  
 Driver and Trueman, Cloudy, Filter, Tipsey;  
 Seamstress and Rover (all I cannot name) *Tr. no matter*  
 With other Dogs of Speed pursue the Game.  
 With prick'd up Ears the Hunters then renew  
 Instinctive Courage, and the Chace pursue.  
 Their turgid Nerves they swell — they snort and blow,  
 And whit'ning Foam upon the Verdure throw.  
 The Woods, the Vallies, and the concave Sky,  
 Both Earth and Air are fill'd with Harmony.

When



When once poor *Reynard* sees himself inclos'd,  
 By Horses, Men, and greedy Dogs oppos'd; *a fine group,*  
 When thus he finds his Dangers all renew'd,  
 By all forsaken, and by Foes pursu'd;  
 Straight to the Stream (when neither Speed nor Force,  
 Nor all his Craft avail) he bends his Course.  
 Ev'n there the Dogs pursue him through the Flood,  
 And nought will quench their Thirst but *Reynard's* Blood;  
 " Who, like a Felon, conscious of his Guilt,  
 " Is forc'd to bleed where he much Blood had spilt."  
 The deep tun'd Horn his Sentence then declares,  
 And *Reynard* to resist no longer dares:  
 Yet with a Grin disdainful he expires;  
 And Malice flashes from his Eyes — like forked Fires.

The ROYAL SISTERS oft resort these Plains,  
 And condescend to grace the sportive Scenes.  
 Soon as the mounting Lark awakes the Dawn,  
 And sweetly warbles o'er the silver'd Lawn;  
 Convening Sportsmen, with the chearful Horn,  
 Alarm their Dogs, and hail the rosy Morn.  
 The Stag, from *Cover broke*, begins to view  
 The threat'ning Dangers, that his Fears renew;  
 Still half amaz'd, looks round; yet, held by Fear,  
 Can scarce believe his Enemies so near.  
 He calls his Strength and Vigour to his Aid;  
 But yet his Fears more pow'rfully perswade.  
 Be'ng thus betray'd, the dire Alarm he takes,  
 And his unfaithful Keeper straight forsakes.

Enrag'd, away he bounds, or rather flies,  
 A while pursu'd but by his Hunter's Eyes.  
 All view the Game With Envy from afar,  
 Eager to follow in the savage War.  
 Melodious Op'nings charm the Sportmen's Ears,  
 Sweet as the Music of the distant Spheres.  
 Royal *Amelia*, — Goddess of the Plain,  
 Begin the Chace, and crown the joyous Scene!

When to the Field this graceful Princess leads,  
 A youthful Train of honourable Maids;  
 And Troops of lovely *Fairs* are seen to ride  
 In Form and Shape majestic by her Side;  
*Amelia*, — Princess of that lovely Train,  
 From all the rest does Adoration gain:

Her graceful Mein does ev'ry one out-shine,  
 In Beauty, Majesty, and Air divine.  
 When thus distinguish'd at the Sylvan Game,  
 As chaste *Diana* she appears the same,  
 With this small Difference, — On *Amelia* wait,  
 Instead of Nymphs, a Train of Men in State.

Thus rous'd, the Stag, astonish'd at the Throng;  
 With all his Strength united, rushes on;  
 Resolv'd the Paths of Danger now to tread;  
 At his scorn'd Shelter shakes his beamy Head;  
 Which, like a Tree with leafless Branches dress'd,  
 Bespeaks the Boldness rising in his Breast.  
 Such fierce Disdain does in his Looks appear;  
 A Rank of Pikes his Forehead seems to bear.

He



He starts, consults his Feet; and, gazing round,  
 He turns his Head to each approaching Sound.  
 The gath'ring Noise invades his wakeful Ears:  
 The Shouts of Men, with Dogs, increase his Fears.  
 Away he flies, — or seems at least to fly,  
 But still pursu'd by the malicious Cry;  
 Till he at length to thickest Shades repairs,  
 To seek for Safety, and to sooth his Cares.  
 Although the greedy Dogs him overtake,  
 “*Yet save his Life for fair Amelia's Sake!*”  
 In this Retirement let him live conceal'd,  
 Until his Strength, — until his Fears be heal'd:  
 Leave him among his savage Slaves to rove,  
 While all the Herd obedient to him move,  
 “ There let him think again on Empire and on Love.”

When the Diversions of the Field are o'er,  
 And th' Exercise fatigues, than pleases, more;  
 Convey me, Goddess, to the Western End  
 Of *Hounslow* Town, — to see a worthy Friend.  
 There all Excesses are alike disdain'd;  
 With Ease polite, there all are entertain'd.  
 With calm Delight and Pity hence we view  
 The gnawing Cares that busy Men pursue;  
 Where Each by diff'rent Ways attempts to gain  
 Uncertain Happiness with certain Pain;  
 Whilst we, serene, th' exalted Raptures know,  
 Which from Content and from Retirement flow.  
 Here Female Management it's Worth displays:  
 Here just OEconomy demands our Praise.

*Clara!* propitious to my pleasing Toll,  
 Let me thy gentle Ear engage a-while!  
 Let me with Truth, — with decent Pride extol,  
 What even Envy dares not Flattery call.  
 In soft Assemblage join'd, your Virtues shine:  
 They grace my Song, — inspirit ev'ry Line.  
 With Fame unblemish'd, with the tend'rest Breast,  
 Studious to heal the Cares of the Distrest —,  
 With chearful Ease thou dost their Sorrows calm,  
 And to their well search'd Wounds apply the Balm.  
 In you the human Graces all unite —,  
 All in your Conduct glow — with beauteous Light.  
 If Candor and Sincerity of Mind,  
 With Ease polite — with Piety refin'd,  
 With Friendship affable, — Benevolence,  
 With Wit, with Goodness, and gay social Sense;  
 With all the Virtues that the Gods approve,  
 Can claim Esteem, and universal Love;  
 Can crown your Sex with Honours all mature,  
 Can present Peace and future Bliss secure;  
 Just is your Challenge to fair Virtue's Praise,  
 And to eternal Joys as just your Claim.

The twitted Horn, with bold enlivening Strains,  
 Here wakes the Echoes from the distant Plains;  
 The Voice, Spinnet, Bass, Violin, and Flute,  
 In Tones concordant one another suit.  
 The playing Members, in a Choir combin'd,  
 Have each their Parts of Harmony assign'd.



The pliant Quills and bright metallic Strings  
 Obey the gentle Touch, while *Callio* sings;  
 And, while her flying Fingers press the Lyre,  
 The mellow Notes Seraphic Joys inspire.  
 Fix'd in each Breast, the enliv'ning Concord dwells,  
 And ev'ry Faculty with Rapture swells.  
 Her warbling Voice deceives the cherish'd Ear:  
 We think her singing still, and listen still to hear.

His Fingers to the Fiddle One applies;  
 Commands the changing Notes to fall and rise:  
 The trembling Chords transportingly obey,  
 And charm the Ears with each melodious Lay.  
 The thrilling, sprightly Sounds that some create,  
 Others more hoarse responsively repeat.  
 The soft, the shrill, the deep, the swift, the slow  
 In sweet Variety of Numbers flow.  
 The nice Compulsion all disarm'd obey,  
 And drive our Cares in pure Delight away.  
 Each swelling Tone inflicts a pleasing Wound;  
 And ev'ry Ear drinks in th' inspiring Sound.  
 All by confed'rate Symphonies impart  
 Such modulated Airs, as warm the Heart.  
 Sweetly confus'd, our friendly Transports rise,  
 Start from our Tongues, and kindle in our Eyes.  
 Each thrilling Grace attracts our ravish'd Ears;  
 And by degrees alleviates all our Cares;  
 Reaching the Organs of our Fancy so ———  
 In all our Minds there's not a Place for Woe.

Musie,

Music, delightful, glides into the Soul;  
 Elates the Spirits——ravishes the Whole;  
 Refines the Passions, and extends the Heart,  
 Awaking ev'ry Nerve with Strokes of Art.  
 O'er all the Scene Joy spreads her golden Wings;  
 As ev'ry Overture new Rapture brings;  
 The vaulted Canopy with Bravoës rings.

At length a jocund Bottle crowns the Day,  
 To keep our Spirits debonair and gay.  
 Again we traverse o'er the Sylvan Scene;  
 The Game revive, and kill it o'er again;  
 With decent Pride alternately relate,  
 How clean our Hunters leap'd o'er such a Gate;  
 How hard they drove, how light they trod the Moor;  
 How bold we rid, and in our Course how sure.  
 Soon as uncoupled, how they spread Abroad,  
 To try his Scent, each Dog a diff'rent Road.  
 When Puss first left her Seat, what Shifts she made;  
 How long she dodg'd, how with the Hounds she play'd;  
 How oft she squatted, and what Means she found,  
 To bring her back to her accustom'd Ground;  
 How close sometimes the *doubling* Jade did lie,  
 Until the dew-lap Dogs had pass'd her by;  
 How she to her (a) *Relief* skulk'd from her (b) *Form*,  
 How *Sportee* thrust her up from 'midst the Corn;

(a) The Place where a Hare keeps all Night.

(b) Where a Hare sits in the Day Time, is call'd her Seat or Form.



How such an (c) *Harle* of *Hounds* a (d) *Vaunt-lay* made,  
 O'er the (e) *Crotills* how other (f) *Babblers* play'd;  
 How oft the Dogs were forc'd to (g) *bunt the Foil*,  
 How oft Pufs vaulted (h), and how oft (i) *look Soil*;  
 How *Blueman* (k) *ran the Heel*, (l) how *Piper baul'd*,  
 How *Rival* (m) *flourish'd* when the *Scent* was cold;  
 How *Captain* cried the *Game* (n), how *Whipster* led  
 For all the heavy *Trafsh* (o) so near his Head.

This gives a Relish to th' impurpled Juice,  
 That gently flows through ev'ry vital Sluice.  
 With correspondent Fire our Bosoms move:  
 We end the Night, as we began, in Love:  
 Thus, free from Strife, corroding Care, and Noise,  
 Retirement feasts us with untainted Joys.

(c) A Couple and half, or a pair of Couples; two of them buckled together is an *Harle* of *Hounds*.

(d) When *Hounds* are thrown off at *Game*, before other *Hounds* that are hunting the same *Game* come up, it is call'd a *Vaunt-lay*.

(e) The Ordure or Dung of an *Hare*.

(f) *Hounds* that give their Mouths too busily, and not upon the *Scent*.

(g) When *Hounds* hunt where they have run before.

(h) Going to Earth in a Rock or Hole.

(i) When a *Hare* goes into the Water.

(k) When a *Hound* runs the *Scent* backward, meaning the contrary Way, he runs the *Heel* or runs *Counter*.

(l) When a *Hound* gives his Mouth, going to the Field or in the Field, before he has found the *Scent*, he *bauls*.

(m) When a *Hound* feels a cold *Scent*, and does not cry it, he *flourishes*.

(n) When a *Hound* first finds the *Scent* and opens, he cries it, or challenges it.

(o) Any thing fastened to the Neck of a fleet *Hound* in the Time of his Hunting, to abate his Speed, and make him keep Company with slower *Hounds*. A piece of stiff Leather, tied to a Collar, makes a good *Trafsh*.

How such an (c) Hunt of Hounds (d) Hounds  
 O'er the (e) Cattle how other (f) Babbler play'd;  
 How oft the Dogs were led to (g) beat the Fox;  
 How oft the Hounds (h) and how oft (i) the Fox;  
 How Dancer (k) ran the Hound (l) how the Fox;  
 How Rival (m) Hounds when the Hunt was on;  
 How Captain and the Game (n) how the Fox;  
 For all the heavy Year (o) to hunt the Hound.

This gives a Hint to the interrupted Juice,  
 That gently flows through every vital Juice.  
 With correspondent Hints above:

Page 5, line 6. for *sporting* read *sportive*; l. 11. for *Cloaths* r. *Cloths*; l. 18. a  
 new Stanza. P. 7, l. 1. for *Care* r. *Thrift*. P. 9, l. 1. for *Th' unlab'ring*  
*the' laborious Course pursue*; l. 17. after *Hare* add a Full Point. P. 10, l. 4.  
 r. *Th' unequal'd match'd, the meanly destin'd Prize*; l. 11. for *graffing* r. *gra-*  
*phic*. P. 11, l. 2. r. *And makes a Scoff of her exulting Foes*. P. 12, l. 14. for  
*trials* r. *hunts*.

(a) When Hounds are shown off at Game, before other Hounds that a  
 hunting the Game comes up, it is call'd a Vant-hunt.  
 (b) The Overture or Hunt of an Hunt.  
 (c) Hounds that give their Hounds too much, and not upon the Game.  
 (d) When Hounds hunt where they have the before.  
 (e) Going to hunt in a Pack or Hunt.  
 (f) When a Hunt goes into the Hunt.  
 (g) When a Hunt makes a Hunt backward, meaning the contrary Way.  
 (h) When the Hunt or Hunt Counter.  
 (i) When a Hunt gives its Hunt, going to the Hunt in the Hunt, the  
 Hunt has found the Hunt, the Hunt.  
 (k) When a Hunt has a Hunt, and does not say it, the Hunt.  
 (l) When a Hunt has the Hunt and opens, the Hunt, or Hunt.  
 (m) Any thing alluded to the Hunt of a Hunt Hunt in the Time of the  
 Hunting, to show its Hunt, and make him keep Company with the  
 Hunt. A Hunt of Hunt, led to a Collar, makes a good Hunt.